

The Evening World

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WHO GETS THE JOB?

EXPERIENCE or willingness? Which counts more these days in getting a job? Which is more likely to "make good"? If the story books the resolute man looking for a place who answered the boss's growl about "green hands" with a stout "I know I don't know the work, sir, but I'm ready to learn," always got the job, and in after years sat in the private office. What chance would he have this week or next right here among real brass nails and ledgers?

A reader of The Evening World, L. H. Brown of West Hoboken, writes:

Do you know that there is hardly a trade or profession to-day wherein the question of supply and demand is not answered thus: There are more of the skilled and experienced than are needed to meet the demand? So why bother with the unskilled?

Out of his own experience this correspondent continues:

I once advertised for an experienced bookkeeper. Sixty-two answered. Among these about half were experienced and their ages ranged from sixteen to fifty. Some asked \$500 and some \$8,000 per year.

Again, I advertised for a skilled machinist and fourteen answered. I engaged one and had to discharge him. I again advertised and then got a poor mechanic, but he made good. I could mention numerous such cases.

Nevertheless this seeker after truth is by no means settled in his mind. Other things have befallen him:

In answer to an advertisement for a driver this is what happened. Our mill opened for business at 8 A. M. and when I arrived the morning the advertisement appeared there was a mass of men forming a line from the sidewalk to our office on the third floor. When I got to the door I found it broken open and some rough fellows inside. Some of our stock was damaged and I was obliged to call the police to scatter the mob.

Which seems to have provoked the conclusion that

It is true that the inexperienced may make good, but the chances are you will be able to get the experienced and so save yourself bother.

Then, after promising more "interesting experiences of how the unskilled frequently gets there and the more worthy gets left," the writer frankly declares that he has sighted "two sides to the question," and thereupon leaves us face to face with the poser "What is experience?"

Everybody knows that in this day of specialized, parcelled-out work nobody can step into certain trades or professions without training. On the other hand there are still many jobs where an elementary education, intelligence and a knack at picking up quickly and thoroughly the details of what is required are worth more than years of special experience. For such jobs a little learning, and especially too much consciousness of it, may be only a hindrance.

Every employer of semi-skilled labor often has to make up his mind whether he will get more in the end out of a worker who has already learned the routine (and the ruts) of the job, or a new man who is fresh and eager, but who must be taught.

The Evening World propounds the question to its readers: In the long run, which ought to get the job to-day—"Experienced" or "Willing"?

A WORD TO THE WEIGHTY.

FOR keeping slender and supple a simple, home treatment costing nothing is gladly presented herewith. It comes straight from a French actress who, though no longer in her first youth, is noted for her lithe and lovely figure.

On waking, the lady makes it a practice to drink a cup of chocolate and read the morning paper in bed. Directly she has absorbed the contents of both she tears the newspaper into tiny bits and scatters them over the floor. Then, before dressing, she trips lightly about the room picking up the pieces one at a time, bending and recovering herself for each scrap. The gymnastic is perfect for "lines." Humming a cheerful tune the while beguiles the time and opens the lungs.

Just before going to bed at night she successively edifies and beautifies herself after the same manner with the evening paper. This simple procedure imparts sprightliness and charm—to mind as well as shape.

THE CONGO is not the only rubber region whose product has come to us mixed with the blood of human beings. An English company operating in the country of the upper Amazon must now face charges almost exactly similar to those which horrified the world in the case of Belgium. Rubber may yet outrank gold and precious stones in the horrible fame of objects the pursuit of which has turned men into beasts.

It is a general popular error to suppose the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare.

EDMUND BURKE.
Died July 8, 1797.

Letters From the People

From Coney to Canada.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have a 25-foot hunting cabin sleep with motor and sail, drawing 16 feet of water. Would like to make a trip in it from Coney Island to Ottawa, Canada.

What nautical reader who has made this trip can give me the shortest and most direct route to same. Also the number of miles between these two points by such route?

F. V.

Going "Up-South."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

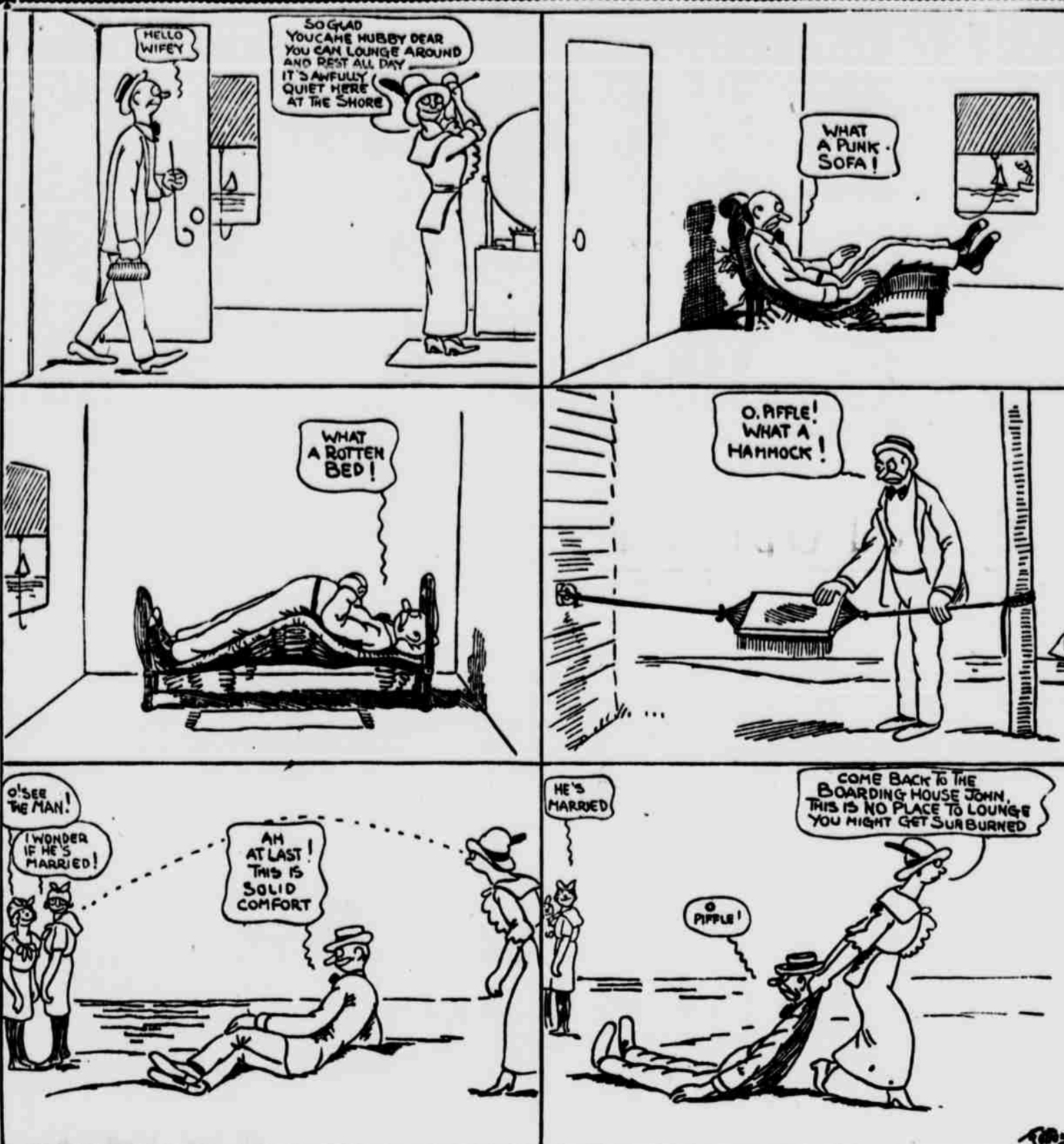
"Up" and "down" are words expressing

ing attitude, i. e., comparative height or depth. In land measurements the standard or unit for comparison is the sea level. Thus, we may go up a mountain or up in a balloon or we may go down in a coal mine, etc. But we cannot go "down South." For many parts of the South are of higher altitude than New York, which is practically at sea level; while parts of Virginia and Tennessee are "way up" in the air. Why do many educated people use the term "He is going down South?"

The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family



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By Roy L. McDowell

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Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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SUMMER LOVE.

ONCE upon a time there was a girl—a summer resort. The two were quite frequently together these days.

Before going to the summer resort, the girl had been thinking of the

girl from home had realized that it was a brief pleasure-laden time which (again in the words of old Omar), "lighting a little hour or two—gone."

But not so. She wanted to string it out for a LIFETIME.

It came about like this. (And now I am coming to Adam; for how could I have a summer resort Eden be complete without him?) How HANDSOME he was! How splendid he looked in his white flannels as he came to take her for a row on the lake in the early morning! And in the afternoon many delightful fishing excursions, with the thrills that the "summerness" of it all brings, made the hours pass. And the moonlight nights, when the soft of the woods re-echoed the sweet nothings that he whispered in her ear!

Thus many things were enjoyed together; which is usually the case on the happy hunting ground of VACATION. The porch brigade worked more overtime. Here was a MATCH!

As all good things end, these best of friends parted, she to her home and he to his office in the OPPOSITE direction. At first letters and post-cards came often with reminiscences of happy days gone by.

Then, as the man got further into his figure and she into the routine of things had again set in, the boots and the fishing and the moonlight faded away in the busy distance. The letters came less frequently. Then they stopped. The girl wondered why.

True, it had been but a couple of weeks. But she argued, how curious had seemed! In a word, SHE had taken all seriously from the beginning of the embroiling until the very coming-home time—and then came, like a bolt of lightning, the truth.

She came at last to understand that friendship made in a care-free time should also be free from care later.

WOMAN! WITH THE RARE SUMMER LOVE THAT WEATHERS THE WINTER'S BLAST.

Very often these, the dreams in the busy bustle at home, evolve into the busybody of the summer resort. But the prime thing that is done at summer resorts is to make friendships QUICKLY. For are they not all together

moment to look at the mail?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "The only minute's respite I get is at the breakfast table!"

"I thought I might give it a look while you were reading your letters," grumbled Mr. Jarr.

"You eat your breakfast," replied Mrs. Jarr. "You have the rudest way of sitting at the table with your nose buried in the newspaper. How can you expect the children to have any manners if you do that?"

And Mrs. Jarr snatched the paper from under her and eagerly scanned the headlines for the latest sensational divorces.

"The G. Whitewash is suing each other," she remarked. "My word! It would seem that only the poor people keep out of the divorce courts these days. Well, I guess that's because it's cheaper to live together than apart."

"Can I have a cup of coffee?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You drink too much coffee. It isn't good for you. Gertrude, take away the coffee!" said Mrs. Jarr.

And as she said this she poured herself another cup.

"Did Margaret win another game?" asked Mr. Jarr, seeing Mrs. Jarr pass over the sporting section as though it were a page of legal notions.

"I'm not interested in gambling," said Mrs. Jarr. "Let's see who's getting married."

And she read the marriage announcements with eager interest and then remarked scornfully:

"Not a person I know! My, how dull the papers are! They're not worth reading!"

"Would you mind if I took Wednesday off instead of Thursday this week?" asked Gertrude, as she paused in bearing away the coffee pot. "There's an excursion!"

"No, you can't!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "I think I should have some rights in this house! I've an engagement Wednesday myself—or I am expecting to have one."

"Can't I look at the paper before I go downtown?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You can read in the subway," said Mrs. Jarr. "If you don't wish me to look at the paper the only minute in the day I have to spare, let us not have it come to the house!"

All this time Master Jarr was whimpering and repeating that he wanted to go to Glen Island with the Slavinskys.

"Let him go. It will be all right," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, it will be all right, and I'm Slavinsky and all the other little Slavinskys barking with the whooping cough!" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "When the children are sick YOU don't have to attend to them!"

Just then the door bell rang. And Gertrude, slamming things around in the kitchen, pointedly ignored it.

"Isn't somebody going to answer the bell?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Am I not to have a minute to eat my breakfast?"

Mrs. Jarr got up and went to the door. "My-sweet-mother-of-God-damn-mother-of-God-work-only-ten-cent!" asked a disappointed individual at the door. And he held a small framed legend at Mr. Jarr, which read:

"IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE, STARE SOMETHING."

"I'll see if my wife wants it," said Mr. Jarr.

But Mrs. Jarr said she didn't need any painting that she was a chafed.

Women Heartbreakers Of History

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No. 20.—Lady Caroline Lamb; the "Angel-Demon."

THERE was a fearful quarrel in the Lamb household. William Lamb (future Viscount of Melbourne, and in whose honor the city of Melbourne, Australia, was later named) had had one more battle royal with his capricious, beautiful wife, Lady Caroline. And this time the dispute had reached a climax where the husband vowed he would separate forever from the wilful beauty he had married.

He sent for his lawyers to draw up papers for the separation. Then he retired to his own study and locked himself in. Caroline (who had not one shred of genuine meekness in her whole nature) came humbly to the locked door and stretched herself on the floor outside of it so that her husband could not leave the room without stepping on her.

"Next morning," runs the account, "when the lawyers came with the separation papers they found Caroline sitting on her husband's knee, feeding him morsels of bread and butter."

This was but an instance of one of the thousand-odd ways in which Lady Caroline Lamb managed to fascinate men and bend them to her will. She was the daughter of the Earl of Beaufort. Her girlhood was starred with love affairs. In 1808, when she was twenty, she married William Lamb, who adored her and for whom, for a time at least, she seemed to care. Then, in 1812, she met Lord Byron, foremost ladykiller of his day. The meeting of the two heartbreakers resulted in a wild infatuation on both sides. Byron, as a poet, was a rare genius. But as a man, he left much to be desired. He was sickly, selfish, conceited, full of affectations and was cursed with a beastly temper. Caroline was ill-disciplined, melodramatic and subject to mad fits of fury. In fact there could hardly have been a worse matched couple than she and Byron. They quarrelled early and often. In one of their spats Lady Caroline snatched up a pair of shears and stabbed herself. The wound was slight, as she had probably intended it should be, but it brought Byron to her feet in an agony of remorse.

These violent scenes and Caroline's fiery nature at last disgusted Byron. He was tired of Caroline and he did not hesitate to tell her so. She could not but believe the romance was over until the following letter from Byron convinced her:

"Lady Caroline Lamb: Since you oblige me to confess it by this truly feminine penetration, I am attached to another. I shall ever continue your friend if your ladyship will permit me so to style myself. And as proof of my regard I offer you this advice: Correct your vanity, which is ridiculous. Think your absurd caprices on others and leave me in peace."

Caroline revenged herself by writing, anonymously, a novel called "Fanny Hill," in which she depicted Byron's faults and follies in marvellous detail. At this time her temper was as byword throughout London and led many to doubt Byron's desertion of her. One day, for instance, she threw a metal ornament at her page's head and nearly killed the lad. Again, disgusted at the way her dinner table was set, she leaped upon it and broke the glass and china, to the thousand pleas.

She openly cursed Byron's name and spread scores of malicious slanders about him. Yet, when by accident she met Byron's funeral procession in the street, she fell in a swoon and afterward had a long and dangerous illness. In 1815 she formally separated from her husband, giving as an excuse for the parting "the cares nothing for what I may do. I may live with whom I please. I do not care whom I choose to live with. I am alone and solitary. I desire me. His violence is as bad as my own."

After Byron's death Caroline went into seclusion and remained a recluse for the rest of her life. She died early 1838, just as her devoted husband came into his title of Viscount and was launched forth upon his dazzling political career. Neglectful to her as he had been, Lord Melbourne never could speak of Caroline, after her death, without weeping.

A POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA.

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196.—Why is flowing water clearer than pond water?

197.—Why are lamb and veal more tender than beef and mutton?

198.—What is the difference between hard and soft soap?

199.—Why does not the sun heat air and water as readily as it heats the earth?

200.—What causes the wind?

THREE questions will be answered Wednesday. Here are the replies to Friday's queries:

196. (Why does flowing water run so quickly as do ponds and lagoons?)—Stones are covered with black lead, which keeps them from rusting.

197. (Why are lamb and veal more tender than beef and mutton?)—Beasts of the domestic kind eat clover.

198. (Why does a lamp smoke if the wick is cut unevenly?)—The points of the wick are easily detached from the wax and they lead the flame with more carbon than it can consume. The extra carbon goes off in smoke.

199. (Why will not stone carve as well as coal for fuel?)—Because a stone contains no hydrogen and little or no carbon. There can be no fire without them.

200. (What use is served by the nitrogen in the air?)—It dilutes the oxygen. If the oxygen were not diluted it would exhaust life too rapidly.

The May Manton Fashions



Pattern 7618—Girls' Russian Dress, 8 to 12 years.

Established with rolled-over cuffs. The belt that holds the dress in place is slipped under straps at the under-arm seams.

For the 10-year size, the dress will require 4-1/2 yards of material W, 3-1/2 yards 10 or 8 yards 16 inches wide with 1 yard 17 inches wide for trimming.

The pattern 7618 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, 222 Broadway, 10 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth Avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or send for mail or receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

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